

Jacob Glover Reading
V^o 179
P O E M S
O N
DIVINE SUBJECTS.

In Two Parts.

To which is added,
A POEM to the Memory of
the Rev. Mr. BENJAMIN
STINTON.

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ;
Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.*
Hor. de Arte Poetica.

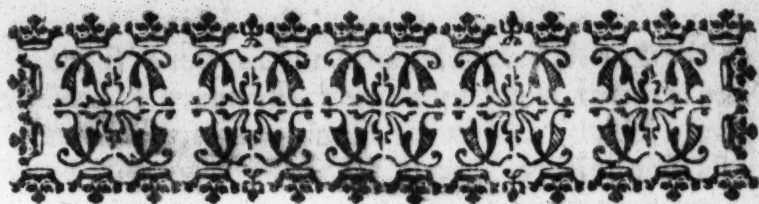
THE SECOND EDITION.

By THO. HARRISON. *K*

L O N D O N:


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T O T H E
 Church of C H R I S T
 Meeting in
Little Wild-Street.

Dear Friends,

 I ought to be solicitous for the Promotion of God's Glory, and the Welfare of immortal Souls in general; so I am under a particular Obligation to be concern'd for your Felicity. My near Relation to you, and strong Affection for you, constrain me earnestly to desire that you may always be a flourishing People, not barely in appearance, but in reality; that you may constantly enjoy inward Prosperity, and *press toward the Mark, for the Prize of the high Calling of God in Christ Jesus.* This is a glorious Privilege, and that for which I am dai-

ly wrestling with the God of all Grace on your behalf. Nor would I neglect any Means which may have a Tendency, thro' the divine Blessing, to further so valuable an End, as your spiritual and eternal Happiness; and therefore I present you with the following Composures, the Fruits of a few leisure Hours, which I hope will be of some Service to you.

Concerning the Usefulness of Poetry in general, I think I need to say little. The Nature of it sufficiently recommends it: For as one observes, it contains the Essence of three illustrious Arts, Eloquence, Painting, and Musick. It is the Poet's Business to endeavour that his Compositions may be adorn'd with proper Figures, with beautiful Descriptions, and with the just Harmony of Numbers. And as to the Usefulness of Poetry in divine Things, that appears plainly from hence, viz. That several Parts of the Holy Scriptures were written in Verse; the inspir'd Penmen, judging, that this would render their Composures the more acceptable, and the more profitable to those for whose immediate Service they were design'd. And tho' in a Translation, their Numbers are lost, and some of their other Beauties; yet if the Translation be tolerable, much of their Eloquence, and several very fine Poetical Descriptions will be obvious. Nor are these wanting in some other Parts of the Bible which were written in Prose. But I would refer those who desire to see more on this Subject, to the Rev. Mr. Watts's Preface to his *Hore Lyricæ*.

With regard to these Poems, I am sensible they will be very offensive to the little Pretenders

The Dedication.

V

ders to Criticism, whose Ill-nature, and vain Conceit of their own Abilities, prompt them to quarrel with every Thing that falls under their View : And I fear the more judicious and candid, if they should come into the Hands of any such, will find so many Faults in them, that they will hardly forgive me; but some of my particular Friends have endeavour'd to perswade me, that they might be useful to solid Christians, and at once divert their Minds, and bring them under the strong Impressions of heav'nly Objects, and so be instrumental, thro' the Agency of the divine Spirit, for preparing them to sing the Song of *Moses*, and the Song of the Lamb in the Kingdom of Glory. And if it shall appear, that they were not mistaken, if I shall find my Labour in any measure successful, either for directing, or quickening, or comforting the Souls of those who belong to Christ, I shall have much greater Satisfaction, than the Approbation of the severest Criticks could afford me.

I shall say no more concerning the ensuing Poems ; but forasmuch as 'tis very uncertain whether ever I may have another Opportunity to address my self to you in such a manner, I can't tell how to conclude, 'till I have given you a few Directions, which may be useful to some of you, when my Head is laid in the cold and silent Grave, and when my Work amongst you is put to a Period ; Directions which you must carefully observe, or else neither this, nor any other of my Attempts to serve you, will succeed ; and which are of equal Concernment to all that fear God.

First, Frequently call to Mind, the noble End which is to be persw'd by you : Such Thoughts as these should often have room in your Breasts ; ' I am not continued in the Land of the Living to gratify my carnal Inclinations, to employ my chief Care and Pains about the empty and fleeting Enjoyments which the World affords ; but something of a very different Nature I ought to have in View, as a reasonable Creature, and a redeemed Person. I should propose to myself, as the Scope of all my Actions, the Honour and Glory of the supreme Being, and the everlasting Welfare of my Soul ; my Soul, which is of more Worth than ten thousand Worlds. It should be my great Concern while I am on Earth, to live to his Praise, by whose Power I was form'd, by whose Grace I am sav'd : And I should long after an Admission into Heaven, because, when I arrive at that blessed World, I shall glorify my God as Angels do, and the Spirits of just Men made perfect. My Happiness also I am to place in the divine Favour, the Enjoyment of a Covenant God, and reconciled Father, both in Time, and to Eternity. The Men of the World account themselves happy no longer than the Streams of earthly Delights are flowing round them ; but my Language should be, *Lord, lift thou up the Light of thy Countenance upon me* ; for a Sense of thy Love will excite a nobler Pleasure in my Breast, than the largest Confluence of Temporal Enjoyments : I am also to be thirsting after that fulness of Joy which is in God's Presence, and those Rivers of Pleasure which
are

‘ are at his Right-Hand for evermore. I am to
 ‘ propose nothing short of the obtaining a Feli-
 ‘ city large as my Wishes, and lasting as my im-
 ‘ mortal Spirit.’ Now serious Meditations of
 this kind will be very useful, as they tend to
 strengthen the Resolutions you have made to pro-
 secute the foremention’d End, and as they lead
 you to renew these Holy Resolves.

*Secondly, Converse much with the Rule, by
 which you are to walk in the pursuit of this
 End. The Word of God is to be a Light unto
 your Feet, and a Lamp unto your Path: This divine
 Revelation was given to inform your Judgment,
 and to direct your Practice; and ’tis a plain and
 perfect Rule! * For all Scripture is given by Inspi-
 ration of God, and is profitable for Doctrine, for Re-
 proof, for Correction, for Instruction in Righteousness;
 that the Man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnish’d
 unto all good Works* There is nothing necessary
 to be known by you in your present State, which
 is not contain’d in the Holy Scriptures; either
 with regard to the Journey you have underta-
 ken, or the Place to which you are travelling;
 either with regard to the good Fight of Faith,
 or the Crown of Glory, which you shall lay hold
 on when that is ended. But how should you
 conform your Judgments, and Practice to the
 Word, if you are not well acquainted with it?
 Let me, therefore, recommend to each of you,
 the Study of these sacred Oracles: Take all Op-
 portunities for improving your Knowledge of

* *Tim. 2d. Ep. 3d. Ch. 16th, 17th Verses.*

them: And whenever you read them, or employ your Thoughts about them, earnestly implore the Aids of the ever blessed Spirit, whose Office it is to lead you into all Truth: I am afraid, 'tis because his friendly Help is despised by some Persons, and they lean to their own Understandings, that they are led aside from the Paths of Truth, and seek to overthrow the most important Articles of the Christian Religion: But if you have recourse to him by frequent and fervent Prayer, you may hope to remain steadfast in the Faith, when a Spirit of Error too much prevails.

Thirdly, Maintain a constant Sense of the Deceitfulness of your own Hearts, and of the great Opposition which you must expect to meet with from your subtle and potent Adversary, the Devil, and from an ensnaring World. The Wise Man makes this Observation, * *A prudent Man foreseeth the Evil; and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punish'd*: The prudent Man looks round him, and observes the Clouds gathering which threaten a Storm; and the Apprehension of Danger excites him to take proper Methods for defending himself from the Calamity which is approaching towards him. It must therefore be very profitable for us frequently to consider, that the Christian's Life is a sharp Warfare, and that we have Enemies without to besiege, and an Enemy within to betray; that as our Hearts are prone to turn aside from God, to neglect the

* Prov. 22. 3.

Creator for the Creature, the Substance for the Shadow; and as sensible Objects make a deep Impression upon us, so we have many Legions of Apostate Spirits in Confederacy against us; * for we are told by St. Paul, *We wrestle not against Flesh and Blood, but against Principalities, against Powers, against the Rulers of the Darkness of this World, against spiritual Wickedness in high Places*: The fallen Angels are moved by their Hatred against God, and their Enmity to Man, to give the Saints all possible Disturbance while passing thro' their Territories, to the World of eternal Joy.

Fourthly, Live in a constant and steady Dependance on the great Redeemer. Let all your Trust and Glorifying be in the Lord Jesus, as *Jehovah*, your Righteousness and Strength; as one thro' whose Blood you have Redemption, ev'n the Forgiveness of Sins; according to the Riches of his Grace; as one in whom your sinful Persons, and imperfect Services, are accepted by a God of spotless Purity; as one out of whose Fulness you are to receive, and Grace for Grace: Trust in him for that Grace, which will direct you when you are most at a Loss; which will strengthen you for the Performance of those Duties that are most difficult; which will fortifie you against the fiercest Assaults of your spiritual Enemies; which will cause you to sing in the Fire of Affliction, and carry you cheerfully thro' a World of Sin and Sorrow.

* Eph. 6. 12.

Hereby, you will exalt that Jesus, whose Honour should be dear to you above all other Things; and in this way you shall receive all needful Supplies from him, for maintaining and improving the divine Life. The Apostle Paul experienc'd the Advantage of this Practice, which I am recommending to you, and therefore says, ** I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the Life which I now live in the Flesh, I live by the Faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.*

Fifthly, Give your selves to Prayer. You must be praying Christians, if you would be thriving Christians: Prayer is the appointed Means of obtaining the various good Things which we want; and therefore we are requir'd in every Thing by Prayer and Supplication, with Thanksgiving, to make known our Requests to God: And what Encouragement have we to perform this Duty? There is a new and living Way consecrated thro' the Vail of Christ's Flesh, in which we may approach to the Holy of Holies, and meet with Acceptance. And our blessed Saviour has assur'd us, that if we ask any thing of the Father in his Name, he will do it for us; and that if we ask we shall receive, that our Joy may be full. When we make mention of the Redeemer's worthy Name, and beg, for his Sake, the Supply of our Wants, we shall prevail for the Communication of all those Things, the Reception of which will promote the Glory of God,

** Gal. 2, 20.*

and our real Good. Be often, therefore, on your Knees, O Christians, asking your Father's Blessing: Be diligent in the Performance of Closet Prayer, on which the Power of Religion very much depends: Dare not to go into the World till you have put your selves under God's Protection, implor'd his Blessing, and thankfully acknowledg'd the Bounty of your kind Preserver: Dare not to lie down at Night till you have committed your selves to the Almighty's Care, till you have humbled your Souls for all your sinful Follies, and offer'd a Tribute of Praise for the Mercies of the Day. Again, Let those who have Families, who have the Souls of others to take Care of, conscientiously discharge the great and profitable Duty of Family-Prayer: If it be possible, every Morning and Evening let your Families be call'd together to offer up their joint Requests at the Throne of Grace. Let me entreat you also, with Delight to frequent the House of Prayer: There God has recorded his Name, and promised to dwell. There you may hope to feel his Power, to see his Glory, and to taste the Sweetness of his Love; for he says concerning his sincere Worshipers, ** Even them will I bring to my Holy Mountain, and make them joyful in my House of Prayer.*

Sixthly, Make Conscience of embracing every Opportunity for commemorating the dying Love of your dear Redeemer. The Lord's Supper has an admirable tendency to weaken your Lusts,

** Isa. 56. 7.*

to improve your Graces, and consequently to ripen you for a Life of Glory; and therefore no trifling Matter should hinder your Attendance on Christ in this Ordinance, when the Season returns; but you should constantly frequent the Place, where the King of Glory sits at the Table with his Guests, and causes their Spikenard to send forth its fragrant Scent.

Seventhly, Frequently meditate on Death and Judgment. Often view the Change, which will fix your State for Eternity: Consider it as the Separation of two intimate Companions, the Soul and the Body: And remember, that your Bodies are to be laid in the Dust, and your Souls are to go immediately to the God of the Spirits of all Flesh, by him to be fixed in his glorious Presence, or to be cast into the Lake of unquenchable Fire. Consider also, the Certainty of your Dissolution, the Nearness of it, and the Uncertainty of the particular Time allotted for the Fall of your earthly Houses: When you see Multitudes born to their long Home on the Right-hand, and on the Left; when you feel the Seeds of Mortality working in your Bodies, you are led to conclude, that 'tis appointed unto Men once to die, and that in this War there is no discharge. And a little Observation will show you, that Man who is born of a Woman is of few Days, as well as full of Trouble; that he cometh forth as a Flower, and is cut down; that he fleeth like a Shadow, and continueth not; and that humane Life may fitly be compared to a Vapour, which appeareth for a little Time, and then vanisheth away. Nor is it more
cer-

certain, that you shall become Captives to the King of Terrors, than 'tis uncertain at what particular Time he shall gain the Victory over you. God can stop your Breath in a Moment, without giving you a previous Notice, and you have no Assurance that he will not. Moreover, you should often be looking to the Bar of God, and employing your Thoughts about that awful Day in which you shall appear before an omniscient and impartial Judge, to receive from his Mouth an irreversibile Sentence of Life or Death.

Now the frequent and serious Meditation on these Subjects, would be of no small Service to you in the Course of your Lives: How would this deter you from Sin, and quicken you to Duty? How would this excite you to redeem your Time, and to endeavour that you might not live one Day, one Hour in vain?

Lastly, Let your Conversation be in Heaven, from whence you look for a Saviour. Frequently ascend, by Faith, within the Vale, whither your gracious Redeemer is enter'd as your Fore-runner. View him seated on a glorious Throne at the Father's Right-hand, and surrounded by Myriads of perfectly holy and happy Spirits, who cast down their Crowns at his Feet, and pay him the highest Adoration. View him in all this Pomp and Splendor, mindful of his Friends upon Earth, and pleading their Cause with his Father, for whose sake he was a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief; on whose Account he shed his precious Blood, and

parted with his valuable Life. View him preparing Mansions in his Father's House for all his People; Mansions in which they shall dwell for ever, unmolested by Sin or Affliction; favour'd incessantly with the brightest Discoveries of God's Glory, and the noblest Tokens of his Love; Mansions in which they shall perpetually adore the great Author of their Being, and the Source of their Blessedness. View him as one whom you shall see with your bodily Eyes in a very short Time; at whose Right-hand you shall be plac'd when he comes under the Character of a Judge, and with whom you shall ascend in Triumph, after you have heard him say, *Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the Foundation of the World.*

I hope these Directions will be kindly receiv'd and carefully observ'd by you; and then I shall have the unspeakable Satisfaction of being an Instrument in God's Hand for your Growth in Grace and Holiness; I shall have Reason to conclude, that my stated Labours amongst you will turn to a good Account, and that these Poems will administer both Pleasure, and real Advantage to you.

I shall now conclude with my earnest Desire, that God would be pleased to make this little Piece serviceable to each of you, for the adding some Cubit to your spiritual Stature; that others also by the perusal of it may find their Love to God improv'd, their Saviour
of

The Dedication.

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of divine Things encreas'd, and their Resolutions to promote the Honour of their best Friend confirm'd; and that if my Labour shall be of any use, all the Glory may be given to God, to whom alone 'twill be due; as 'tis his Blessing which renders the Means of Grace successful, for the Communication of Grace to the Souls of his People.

I am

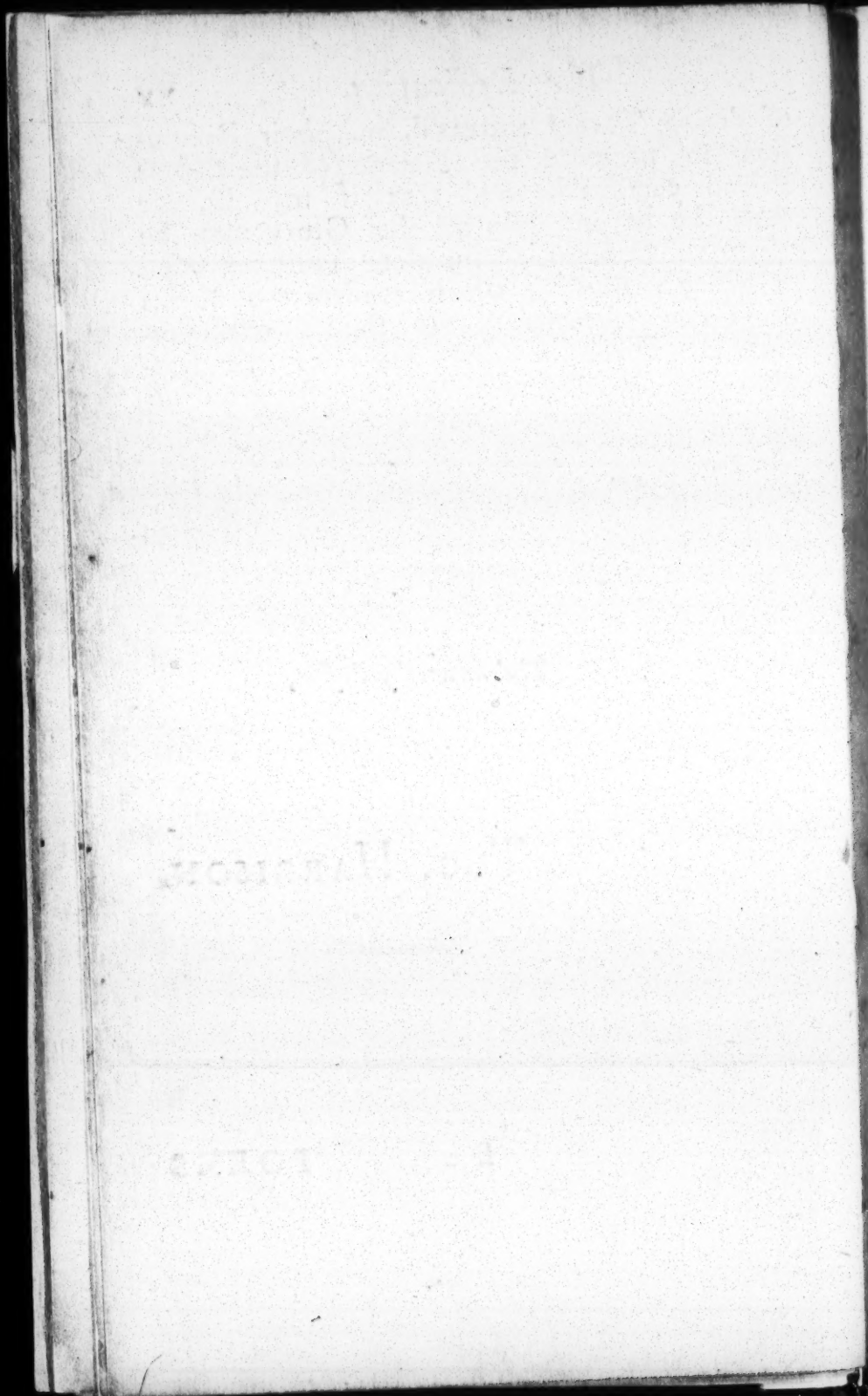
Your most affectionate,

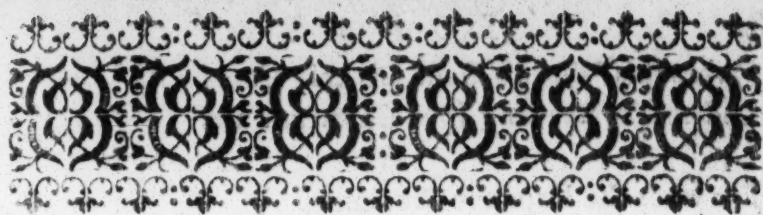
Tho' unworthy Pastor,

THO. HARRISON.

B 2

POEMS





POEMS

ON

DIVINE SUBJECTS.

PART I.

The best Choice.

I.

Wand'ring Shadow who would prize,
Which from the fond Pursuer flies?
A In vain he runs, and calls in vain;
Still at a distance he'll remain.

II.

What Man on empty Husks has fed,
When Dainties were before him spread?
When all that Nature could afford
Has crown'd his plenteous, cheerful Board?

III.

Yet were there such, I'd count them wise,
Compar'd with him, who till he dies,

Makes this World's Good his only Care,
And thinks Heaven's Joys Chimera's are.

IV.

For when he leaps the Precipice,
He leaves th' imaginary Blifs ;
With Horror tries the fiery Sea ;
Where Billows roar eternally.

V.

But happy, O my God, are those,
Who place in thee their sole Repose ;
Who Earth's gay Vanities refuse ;
Thy Favour for their Portion chuse.

VI.

In thee, at present, they possess
A true and solid Happiness ;
Till Death's soft Sleep shall close their Eyes,
Till their freed Souls to Heaven shall rise.

VII.

There Streams of everlasting Joy
Which satisfy, but never cloy,
Around thy Throne incessant flow ;
There the best Fruits for ever grow.

VIII.

I'll therefore put my Trust in thee,
As my supreme Felicity ;
My best Affections thou shalt have,
Untill I'm summon'd to the Grave.

IX.

Then if (assur'd of thy rich Love)
I can behold my Sear above ;
Fearless I'll pass the Realms of Night,
To tread the Fields of endless Light.



*Lord, I have loved the Habitation of thy House,
and the Place where thine Honour dwelleth,
Psalm 26. 8.*

I.

I Love, my God, the beauteous Place
Which bears the Name of thine Abode ;
Where matchless Grace and Power Divine,
For many Ages have been show'd.

II.

That Grace which saves the Rebel-Man
From heavy Chains, and endless Death ;
Exalts the Saints from Earth to Heav'n,
When they resign their feeble Breath.

III.

That Pow'r which quells the Tyrant Sin,
And sets th' unhappy Captive free ;
Which conquers Satan, and the Grave,
For all who to the Saviour flee.

IV.

Within thy House, my dearest Lord,
Fresh Strength I gain to run my Race ;
There I'm permitted to behold
My Sov'reign's reconciled Face.

V.

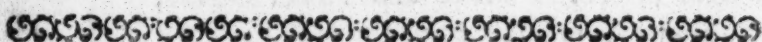
There oft I sit, and tune my Soul
To join the glorious Choir above ;
Where every Tongue's employ'd in Praise,
And every Breast is full of Love.

VI.

Till I shall enter those fair Realms,
 Within thy Courts below I'd dwell ;
 That I the Wonders of thy Love,
 In grateful Songs of Praise, might tell.

VII.

While thou dost Life and Health afford,
 I'll to thy House with Joy repair,
 Hoping to feel thy mighty Power,
 Hoping to see thy Glory there.



The Glory of the visible Creation.

I.

LORD ! I contemplate with Delight,
 Thy various Works both Day and Night.
 What Glory shines thro' every part ?
 What boundless Power, what wond'rous Art ?

II.

Thy Arm stretch'd forth yon azure Sky,
 Plac'd the bright Orbs which rowl on high ;
 By thee was Earth's Foundation laid ;
 Its Furniture by thee was made.

III.

All Things in beauteous Forms appear'd,
 By thy Almighty *Fiat* rear'd ;
 At last thou from the Dust didst raise
 Thine Image *Man*, to sing thy Praise.

IV.

The finish'd Work was then survey'd,
 In Wisdom, Pow'r, and Goodness made ;

The

on Divine Subjects.

5

The lovely Structure thou didst find
Answer the Model in thy Mind.

V.

Loudly does ev'ry Part proclaim
The Honour of its Maker's Name ;
The Heathens when they gaze abroad,
Are forc'd to own there is a God.

VI.

Praise, mighty Lord, to thee belongs,
To thee I'll raise my cheerful Songs ;
My grateful Heart shall ever own
My Life depends on thee alone.



The Convinced Sinner.

I.

Wretch that I am ! what have I done ?
O where for shelter shall I run ?
My Guilt distracts my restless Mind ;
My Soul no soft Repose can find.

II.

God's righteous Law I've rashly broke,
Refus'd the Saviour's easy Yoke ;
To Satan have a Captive been,
And trod with Joy the Paths of Sin.

III.

But now I see my angry God
Extend his fierce avenging Rod ;
Severely to chastise his Foes,
Who, Rebels like, his Will oppose.

IV.

IV.

This Instrument of Death I dread,
While brandish'd o'er my guilty Head ;
Th' Almighty's Frowns such Pains create,
As Mortal Tongue can ne'er relate.

V.

If now cold Death my Eyes should close,
I must be plung'd in endless Woes ;
My precious Soul would sink to Hell,
And there with damned Spirits dwell.

VI.

Methinks I see the Fiends below,
To whom no Streams of Comfort flow ;
Their guilty Pleasures which are fled,
Bring Storms of Vengeance on their Head.

VII.

The Blood of Christ can't cure their Pains,
His Grace can't purge away their Stains.
The Things belonging to their Peace
Are hid, the Calls of Mercy cease.

VIII.

O blessed Lord, to me be kind,
And condescend to heal my Mind ;
To thee alone for Help I fly,
On whom I safely may rely.



Are they not all ministring Spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be Heirs of Salvation? Heb. 1. 14.

I.

BEhold th' Angelick Hosts descend,
Obedient to their Maker's Will!
Their Charge they cheerfully fulfil,
On his dear Children to attend!

II.

They in this pleasing Work engage,
Incessantly with great Delight,
And guard the Saints by Day, and Night
From the infernal Spirit's Rage.

III.

At Home, Abroad, from numerous Woes
I'm sav'd by their unwearied Care;
Warn'd to avoid each fatal Snare,
Laid by my subtle, restless Foes.

IV.

When Night her sable Veil has spread;
Fatigu'd I lay me down to rest,
And with refreshing Sleep am blest,
While these kind Guards surround my Bed.

V.

The spiteful Fiends they drive away,
And render all their Efforts vain;
So that in Safety I remain,
Till the Return of joyful Day.

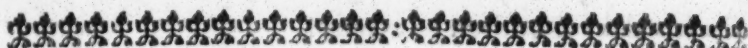
VI.

VI.

The kind Assistance they afford,
To the good Patriarch was reveal'd;
When sleeping in the open Field
He had a Visit from the Lord.

VII.

Great God, I bless thy Holy Name,
For such Attendants while I'm here;
And when in Heav'n I shall appear,
With them thy Goodness I'll proclaim.

*Love to Christ.*

I.

BLeft Saviour thou hast gain'd my Heart,
Thy Glory, and thy matchless Grace
Have made the Tyrant Sin depart,
Made this ensnaring World give Place.

II.

No room is left within my Breast
For its deceitful, empty Toys;
I've entertain'd a nobler Guest,
Who all my Faculties employs.

III.

With raised Wonder and Delight,
I trace the Glories of my Lord,
While Faith supplies the Place of Sight,
Faith grounded on his Holy Word.

IV.

I view the God who came to save
A Remnant of our fallen Race;

on Divine Subjects.

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The Man who visited the Grave,
That I in Heav'n might have a Place.

V.

I view the Lamb who reigns on high,
And pleads with God, that all his Friends
May mount with him beyond the Sky,
When he the second time ascends.

VI.

Jesus, I feel within my Breast
The sacred Fire of Heav'nly Love ;
A Love too great to be express'd :
O may it never thence remove !

VII.

Thus I by Faith would dwell with thee,
Dear Object of my Soul's Delight ;
Despising Earthly Vanity,
Till Faith is chang'd for endless Sight.



Desiring to Know and Praise God.

I.

BRight Spirits, who surround the Throne
Of your *Jehovah*, Three in One ;
And what you fully can't explore,
With deep Humility adore.

II.

Fain would I join your shining Throngs,
And learn your sweet, exalted Songs :
Till then in more imperfect Lays,
The King of Heav'n and Earth I'll praise ;

C

III.

III.

Come, Holy Ghost, Cœlestial Dove,
Fill me with Light, with Joy, and Love;
By thee inspir'd, to thee I'll raise
A Tribute of unfeigned Praise.

IV.

Thy pow'rful Word which did create
Light the first Day, can dissipate
The Mists which veil thy glorious Face,
And hide the Riches of thy Grace.

V.

My Soul, by Sin's strong Chains confin'd,
Thou in a Moment canst unbind,
And raise my Powers beyond the Sky,
Prone groveling on this Earth to lie.

VI.

Thou canst within my Breast excite
The noblest, most refin'd Delight:
All solid Pleasures flow from thee,
Whose Office 'tis to comfort me.

VII.

Assisted thus I will proclaim
The Glories of *Jehovah's* Name;
Till plac'd with those who live above,
Like them I know, and sing, and love.

~~~~~

*Repentance and Faith.*

## I.

**T**HE Mist before my Eyes remov'd,  
With Wonder struck I see,

Dear



*on Divine Subjects.*

LI.

Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous Crimes,  
By which I've grieved thee.

II.

These were the unrelenting Foes,  
Which made thee groan and cry ;  
Which made thee shed thy precious Blood,  
And bow thine Head, and die.

III.

Thy Love has thaw'd my frozen Heart,  
And caus'd my Tears to flow ;  
I now abhor that Monster Sin,  
And find he is my Foe.

IV.

Stripp'd of his gaudy treach'rous Dress,  
Which long deluded me,  
He now appears in his true Shape,  
Compleat Deformity.

V.

Awak'ned thus I lay my Hand,  
Upon thy sacred Head ;  
Once with a Crown of Thorns disgrac'd,  
With Glory now o'erspread.

VI.

My Soul looks back, and views the Weight  
Thou, spotless Lamb, didst bear,  
Nail'd to the painful, shameful Tree,  
Naked in open Air.

VII.

She trusts her Guilt was done away  
By her incarnate God ;  
Who felt, to expiate Man's Offence,  
The Sin-revenging Rod.

## VIII.

To him I now all Praise ascribe,  
 Who my Deliv'rance wrought ;  
 Glory to thee, O Lamb of God,  
 Who hast my Ransom bought.

*On Redeeming the Time.*

## I.

**B**Y Nature Prodigals we are,  
 As tho' our Time wan't worth our Care ;  
 For foolish Toys our Hours we waste  
 Thoughtless how soon they'll all be past.

## II.

At length, perhaps, Convictions seize  
 The dying Man, before at ease ;  
 Surpriz'd he wishes, but in vain,  
 The Moments lost he could regain,

## III.

Afraid to die, his *All* he'd give,  
 If 'twould procure a short Reprieve ;  
 But finds the World can't purchase Breath  
 Or fence against the Stroke of Death.

## IV.

How blest are they whom Grace makes Wise,  
 Who Time, before 'tis fled, can prize !  
 Who with unwearied, constant Care,  
 For an eternal State prepare !

V.

If Sickneſs comes they need not fear,  
But when th' expected Foe draws near,  
Triumphing may reſign their Breath,  
And meet, with Smiles, the Tyrant Death.

VI.

THEſe faithful Stewards with Delight,  
When cheerful Day ſucceeds the Night,  
Shall ſee their kind, their faithful Lord,  
From him receive the great Reward.

VII.

Rowſe, bleſſed God, my drowſy Pow'rs,  
That ſo my few remaining Hours,  
With conſtant Care I may improve,  
Preparing for my laſt Remove.

VIII.

Each Day ſome Tribute I would bring  
To thee, my everlaſting King;  
Some Viſt'ry over Sin I'd gain,  
And greater Purity obtain.

IX.

With Vigour tow'rd the Mark I'd preſs,  
The Mark of perfect Holineſs;  
Encourag'd by the glorious Prize,  
Which in the heavenly Kingdom lies.





*Let him that is a thirst, come : And whosoever  
will, let him take the Water of Life freely,  
Rev. 22. 17. latter part.*

## I.

O How stupendious is the Grate  
Of God's beloved Son?  
Who kindly warns our fallen Race,  
From endless Woe to run?

## II.

The glorious Fruits he bids them share  
Of his redeeming Love,  
And in this lower World prepare  
To live with him above.

## III.

Heark! The exalted Saviour cries,  
Come, thirsty Souls, to me;  
I'm ready to bestow Supplies,  
Which are both full and free.

## IV.

Each willing Sinner, now receive  
The Water which I give;  
No other Fountain can relieve,  
Can cause the Dead to live.

## V.

Hath his Almighty Spirit made  
Our stubborn Hearts reply,  
Lord, thy Command shall be obey'd,  
To thee for Help we fly?



VI.

Then let's in chearful Songs of Praise  
Our Gratitude exprefs ;  
Devote to him our future Days,  
His Name for ever blefs.

VII.

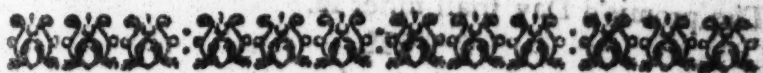
With eager Wishes let's invite  
Our dearest Lord to come,  
And take us to his Realms of Light,  
Our bright eternal Home.

VIII.

Come, *Jesus*, from thy lofty Throne ;  
Thou Judge supreme appear  
In Pomp, and Grandeur, those to crown  
Who love, and serve thee here.

IX.

Then I ev'n Face to Face shall see,  
My best, most valued Friend ;  
When the last Trump shall sound, to thee  
With Joy I shall ascend.



*The chearful Christian dying:*

I.

I'll humbly bow before thy Throne  
My glorious King, my gracious God ;  
Thy boundless Goodness I must own,  
Ev'n while I feel my Father's Rod.

II.

The precious Jewel, Health, is fled,  
My Ease is chang'd for dol'rous Pain ;

By

By Night, by Day, upon my Bed,  
I seek my wonted Rest in vain.

## III.

I ev'ry Hour expect to be  
A Captive to the Monarch Death;  
Nor one returning Day to see,  
E'er I resign my feeble Breath.

## IV.

But Death's pale Ensigns o'er me spread,  
My raised Spirits can't dismay;  
I triumph on a dying Bed,  
In thee, my All-sufficient stay.

## V.

Thou, Lord, hast given thy self to me,  
Thro' endless Ages to be mine;  
And I've resign'd my self to thee,  
Resolv'd to be for ever thine.

## VI.

When, therefore, I shall take my Flight,  
A Life of Glory shall begin;  
Th' approaching melancholy Night  
The promis'd Day shall usher in.

## VII.

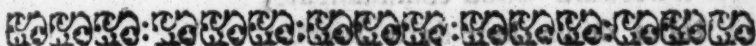
Of Angels now a friendly Band,  
Commission'd by my tender Lord,  
Around my Bed in order stand,  
Their kind Assistance to afford.

## VIII.

They wait 'till Death shall set me free,  
To guard me from my powerful Foe;  
That blest with sweet Tranquility,  
I, thro' his Realms, to Heav'n may go.

IX.

Farewel my dear, my mournful Friends,  
Shed not for me a single Tear;  
The Night of Sorrow straightway ends,  
The long-expected Day is near.



*And I will be their God, and they shall be my  
People, 2 Cor. 6. 16. latter part.*

I.

O Who can hear the charming Sound,  
And not attempt to sing  
In pious, tho' imperfect Lays,  
Praise to th' Almighty King?

II.

He calls to sinful, worthless Men,  
From his resplendent Throne,  
And proffers freely, thro' his Son,  
T' adopt them for his own.

III.

He'll pardon their provoking Crimes,  
Altho' in Number more  
Than all the Stars which gild the Skies,  
Or Sands upon the Shore.

IV.

On those who were the Heirs of Hell,  
A Title he'll bestow  
To Mansions, where in plenteous Streams,  
Celestial Pleasures flow.

V.

## V.

To him they may have free Access,  
His kind Assistance crave ;  
Assur'd he'll all their Wants supply,  
And in all Dangers save.

## VI.

He'll outward Good communicate,  
Hand down their daily Bread ;  
Preserve them each revolving Day,  
Set Guards around their Bed.

## VII.

He'll make them like his glorious self,  
Still more, and more Divine ;  
And feast them on his Love, which cheers  
More than the richest Wine.

## VIII.

His Smiles shall lighten ev'ry Woe,  
And sweeten ev'ry Care ;  
While they for perfect Purity,  
And perfect Joys prepare.

## IX.

Nor Death, nor Hell shall e'er destroy  
The Objects of his Love ;  
Secure they shall remain below,  
In Peace shall dwell above.

## X.

When from the House of Clay dismiss'd,  
Their sep'rate Spirits rise,  
A friendly Welcome they shall have,  
Unto their Native Skies.

## XI.

Their Bodies too will be restor'd,  
When Christ, their Judge shall come,

And



And made the Partners of their Souls,  
In their eternal Home.

XII.

Let me be found, O blessed Lord,  
Amongst the happy few,  
Who shall thy Bounty ever taste,  
Thy Brightness ever view.



*And suddenly there was with the Angel a Multitude of the heavenly Host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace, good Will towards Men, Luke 2. 13, 14.*

I.

**W**HEN the ETERNAL from his Throne  
Came down to visit Worms on Earth,  
Seraphick Spirits sang for Joy;  
Their cheerful Notes proclaim'd his Birth.

II.

With awful, but harmonious Sounds,  
" Glory to God enthron'd on high,  
" And Peace to sinful Men below,  
The friendly Host transported cry.

III.

Since Angels sing redeeming Grace,  
Awake my Tongue, awake my Heart,  
Awake my Wonder, Love, and Joy,  
I'll in the Consort bear my part.

IV.

## IV.

The noble Theme demands my Praise,  
While I the wond'rous Method view,  
Which gives the dying Sinner Life,  
Which gives th' offended God his due.

## V.

That Method which his Wisdom fram'd,  
A Task for finite Minds too great ;  
Tho' all the bright, celestial Choir  
Assembled had in Council fate.

## VI.

Tho' here I oft with Tears complain  
How dim and feeble is my Sight,  
Not able now, alas ! to bear  
The Splendor of eternal Light.

## VII.

Yet here, my dearest Lord, I see  
Enough to raise the dying Flame ;  
My Heart's awaked, and my Tongue  
Aloud thy Glory shall proclaim.

## VIII.

Thy sacred Name my Soul adores  
For what I see, for what I taste :  
How happy are thy Saints, who feed  
From Day to Day on this Repast.





*In Commemoration of the dreadful Storm with  
which the Almighty visited this Land, No-  
vember, 1703.*

I.

Great God, thy Sov'reign Pow'r we own,  
On which each Moment we depend :  
Thou canst prolong our fleeting Days,  
Or to the Grave our Bodies send.

II.

Our Lives, and all that's good, we owe  
To our kind Maker's watchful Care :  
Our grateful Tongues thy Praise shall sing,  
Thy boundless Goodness shall declare.

III.

When the fierce, dreadful Tempest came  
To punish this our guilty Land ;  
Tho' startled, we were kept from Harm,  
And shelter'd by thy saving Hand.

IV.

Sad Desolations we beheld,  
And heard how Multitudes were slain ;  
Some in their Dwellings were interr'd,  
Some perish'd in th' impetuous Main.

V.

But we hereby were only warn'd  
From a more dreadful Storm to flee ;  
By mourning for our num'rous Crimes,  
By giving up our selves to thee.

D

VI:

## VI.

And yet how few Returns of Love  
For this Salvation have we made!  
How often from the beauteous Paths  
Of thy most holy Precepts stray'd!

## VII.

Alham'd of this Ingratitude,  
Before our great Deliv'rer now  
With godly Sorrow, awful Fear,  
And deep Humility we bow.

## VIII.

Accept, dear Lord, the Sacrifice  
Presented thro' that Holy One,  
Whose precious Blood, once poured forth,  
Can for our heinous Sins atone.



*Praise to the Redeemer.*

## I.

**I** Sing the God, whose tender Love  
Caus'd him to leave his Throne above,  
To dwell with sinful Worms below,  
And save them from eternal Woe.

## II.

On fallen Men he cast his Eye,  
In depths of Mis'ry saw them lie;  
Pity'd their State, resolv'd to come,  
And suffer freely in their room.

## III.

A mortal Body he assum'd,  
Bled, groan'd, and dy'd, and was entomb'd;



At length, the Work thus finished,  
In Triumph left his dusty Bed.

IV.

To Heav'ns bright Realms he took his flight,  
Beyond the reach of our weak Sight;  
There pleads with God for ransom'd Men,  
From thence in Pomp will come again.

V.

To him who has the Purchase made,  
Immortal Honours now be paid:  
The Glory of the Saviour's Name  
My Tongue in grateful Songs proclaim.



*Sorrow for Sinful Infirmities.*

I.

**I** Mourn, dear God, to find my Soul  
Subject no more to thy Controul;  
When she'd thy pure Commands obey,  
Sin draws, or drives another way.

II.

Love to the World's deluding Joys,  
From these blest Paths too oft decoys;  
Too oft allur'd I go astray,  
And tread a smooth, but dang'rous Way.

III.

I give the Substance of all Bliss  
For that which a meer Shadow is;  
Which seems to recreate my Mind,  
But leaves a fatal Sting behind.

## IV.

And if, in vain, the World thus smiles,  
Nor with its pleasing Toys beguiles;  
Its Frowns my tim'rous Soul assail,  
And oft, thro' Unbelief, prevail.

## V.

Pesplexing Thoughts invade my Breast,  
Dark threatenng Clouds forbid my Rest;  
And thus o'er-aw'd by Fears of Woe,  
Out of thy narrow Paths I go.

## VI.

Renew me by thy Grace, O Lord;  
Strength to my feeble Soul afford:  
With holy Vigour then I'll run;  
With constant Care Temptations shun.

## VII.

The World's false Charms I'll then despise,  
Nor fear if Clouds begin to rise;  
But to m' important Work attend,  
Oft thinking on my latter End.

## VIII.

At length, entirely set me free  
From Fetters of Iniquity:  
That I in Holiness may vie  
With those that dwell beyond the Sky.

~~~~~  
Death's Approach to the Sinner.

I.

UNhappy Men, whom Death attacks
Before they've made their Peace with God!

The

The Stroke once past, they'll ever feel
The Weight of his avenging Rod.

II.

To an omniscient, righteous Judge,
Their sep'rate Spirits strait must go,
By him be sentenc'd to endure
Torments, which shall no Period know.

III.

Then from the Judge's awful Bar,
Infernal Fiends their long-sought Prey,
Swiftly to Hell's tremendous Gloom !
Shall with malicious Joy convey.

IV.

Under the dreadful, fiery Sea,
Held down in Adamantine Chains,
The guilty Creatures shall endure
Sharp, constant, and eternal Pains.

V.

A dreadful Scene of Horror there
Forbids the damn'd a Moment's Rest ;
Despair, the never-dying Worm,
Always torments the *Sinner's* Breast.

VI.

Of Wrath Divine, in flaming Heaps
The boundless Ocean roars along ;
The scalding Waves which roar aloud,
Always torment the wretched Throng.

VII.

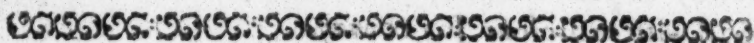
They call to mind their num'rous Crimes,
For which they're plung'd in this dire Woe;
And cry for Mercy, but in vain,
For thence no Prayers to Heav'n can go.

VIII.

Lord, fit me for the Approach of Death,
 That when my Soul shall take her flight,
 She mayn't be driv'n away to dwell
 In Shades of everlasting Night.

IX.

But when the Messenger is sent,
 On Angels Wings may I ascend,
 To take Possession of a Seat,
 Where Joy and Praise shall never end.



The Love of Christ.

I.

JESUS, thy Love exceeds
 The Love of Friends below,
 Bestows whate'er the Sinner needs,
 And saves from endless Woe.

II.

Thou art a Prophet, Priest,
 And everlasting King
 To thine, who on thy Bounty feast,
 Who of thy Glory sing.

III.

Thou art their skilful Guide ;
 When by thy Wisdom led,
 Hell to deceive in vain has try'd,
 Thick Mists around them spread.

IV.

Thro' thee they have Access,
 To God while here below ;

Thro'

Thro' thee they claim a Happiness,
Which can no Period know.

V.

And thou Almighty King,
Thy Subjects wilt protect ;
Secure beneath thy out-stretch'd Wing,
Their Ruin none effect.

VI.

Thy gentle Yoke they bear,
Own thy Authority ;
Observe thy righteous Laws with Care,
And humbly bow to thee.

VII.

With thee they hope to reign
On splendid Thrones above ;
Where Clouds of Ign'rance can't detain
The brightest Rays of Love.

VIII.

Thy Glory there appears
In a distinguish'd Light :
Nor are there melancholy Fears
Of losing this blest sight.



Christ exalted.

I

JESUS who dy'd is now
Plac'd on a lofty Throne ;
Bright Spirits all around him bow,
His just Dominion own.

II.

On Earth some love his Name,
Confess their rightful King:
His matchless Glory they proclaim,
Anthems of Praises sing.

III.

His Foes shall see at last
An angry Judge appear;
And into Hell's dark Realms be cast
For their Rebellions here.

IV.

Till then this glorious Lord,
Seated at God's Right-hand,
Will there the purchased Reward
For all his Saints demand.

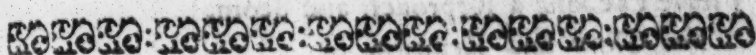
V.

Th' unworthiest of his Friends
Upon his Heart he bears;
Cheerfully to their Cause attends,
And for them Heav'n prepares.

VI.

Blest Saviour, condescend
For me to intercede
I could not have a better Friend
My Cause with God to plead.





A Good Conscience.

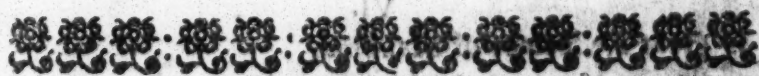
I.

* “ **M**Y gentle Rest is on a Thought,
“ Conscious of doing what I ought,
This, when the World would break my Rest,
Preserves a Calm within my Breast.

II.

Hence I conclude the Lord's my Friend ;
That when I'm at my Journey's End,
In Heav'n he'll grant my Soul a Place,
The rich Reward of Sov'reign Grace.

* Marvell's *Poems*.



*I am he that liveth and was dead ; and behold I
am alive for evermore, Rev. i. 18. former
part.*

I.

THUS says the eternal Son of God,
Once on the fatal Tree
Life I resign'd, but now am rais'd
To Immortality.

II.

In Heav'n I dwell, and there I wear
A never-fading Crown ;

I have exchange'd Reproach and Scorn,
For Glory and Renown.

III.

In Heav'n I dwell to plead with God
The Causes of my Saints ;
And when their great Accuser comes,
To answer his Complaints.

IV.

I'm always mindful of my Flock,
Their Wants and Burdens know ;
And when to me for Help they fly,
All needful Grace bestow.

V.

At last, their Labours to reward,
I will descend again,
And give them never-ending Joys,
Instead of Grief and Pain.

VI.

O great Redeemer of Mankind,
We praise thy holy Name ;
Thy tender Care while Life shall last,
We'll to the World proclaim.

VII.

To Heav'n we'll often raise our Thoughts,
And long thy Face to see ;
To quit this Tenement of Clay,
Dear Lord, and dwell with thee.



The resolute Christian.

I.

IN vain, by *Satan*, Snares are laid,
For I'm upon my Guard ;
In vain are dreadful Tempests rais'd
My Progress to retard.

II.

I'll run with Patience and Delight
To reign with Christ my Lord ;
All Opposition I o'ercome,
Relying on his Word.

III.

I know the Weakness of my Soul ;
But *Jesus* is my stay :
My kind Redeemer has engag'd,
To lead me in his Way.

IV.

And he'll for ever be the same,
Tho' I to change am prone ;
My Welfare still he will promote,
Who chose me for his own.

V.

Ye envious Foes, who line the Way
Which brings me to my Crown,
I (tho' your Power and Rage are great)
Thro' Christ shall tread ye down.



Desires after Communion with God.

I.

LET me converse with thee, my God,
While in this solitary Land ;
Till I amidst the numerous Throng,
Before thy glorious Throne shall stand.

II.

Thy Presence to my weary Soul
Each Day fresh Vigour will impart ;
And when born down by Loads of Woe,
'Twill sweetly raise my drooping Heart.

III.

No Earthly Joys can be compar'd
With those which from thy Presence flow ;
While thou the Tokens of thy Love
Dost on thy chosen Saints bestow.

IV.

Yet I confess, with Grief and Shame,
Too oft my foolish, roving Mind
For this vile World has left her God,
To dote on Vanity inclin'd.

V.

I've wander'd from the heavenly Road,
Led by a false, tho' glaring Light ;
Trod the deluding Paths of Sin,
Till sov'reign Grace has set me right.

VI.

But let not these provoking Crimes,
Spread o'er thy Face a dismal Veil ;
Dear Father, for my Saviour's sake,
Let not thy tender Mercies fail.

VII.

Be ever present to my Mind,
Shew me my Int'rest in thy Love ;
And while I dwell on Earth below,
Raise thou my Heart to Heav'n above.

VIII.

No Pleasures let me ever seek
By which my God I should offend ;
By which I should affront and grieve,
My true, my everlasting Friend.

A View of the Redeemer's Sufferings.

I.

Behold! My Soul, the matchless Grace
Of Christ to Man's Apostate Race ;
Who wore in Heav'n a glorious Crown,
Yet in a Servant's Form came down.

II.

Who underwent the sharpest Pain,
That we eternal Rest might gain ;
Consented on a Cross to die,
That we might reign with him on high.

III.

View all the various Griefs he bore,
Bath'd in a Flood of purple Gore!

E

See

See him encount'ring Hell and Death,
And (tho' a Conqueror) yield his Breath!

IV.

He knew the Time was just at hand,
When he must answer God's Demand;
And with his precious Life atone
For Crimes he freely made his own.

V.

For this dire Conflict he prepares,
Offers to God his fervent Prayers;
To whom alone he could resort,
And thus implores Divine Support.

VI.

" Father, regard thy dying Son,
" Leave me not till my Work is done;
" In thee alone Relief I find,
" Thou only canst support my Mind.

VII.

" The great, important Hour is near,
" In which my Pains will be severe:
" A Band of gloomy Thoughts invade
" My Soul, and make me sore afraid.

VIII.

" But if from thee Relief I gain,
" If thou my Honour wilt maintain,
" Thy holy Name I'll glorify,
" With Courage suffer, bleed, and die.

IX.

Nor could he then unmindful prove
Of the dear Objects of his Love:
Once more his faithful Friends he meets,
And Pledges of his Grace repeats.

X.

The Night before that awful Day,
On which he dy'd at *Golgotha*,
A fit Memorial he ordains.
Of his approaching, dreadful Pains.

XI.

A Hymn of Praise this Service ends,
And he departs with all his Friends;
Then chuses Three, the Three who stood
On *Tabor*, and his Glory view'd.

XII.

With these he in the Garden goes,
To vent his Grief, and meet his Foes;
There on the Ground he prostrate lies,
Presents to God his humble Cries.

XIII.

There seeks to ease his troubled Breast,
A Stranger now to Peace and Rest;
And while he bore the pond'rous Load
(Such were his Pains) he sweated Blood.

XIV.

Th' Almighty shows his tender Care,
And graciously inclines his Ear;
With speed an Angel's posted down,
To comfort, and support his Son.

XV.

But soon, alas! His Guard was gone,
And soon fresh Grievs came rowling on;
Perfidious *Judas* is at hand,
Attended with an armed Band.

XVI.

A Wretch, who of his own accord,
For thirty Pieces sold his Lord;

And to compleat the Bargain made,
His Master with a Kiss betray'd.

XVII.

A while the humble *Jesus* stood,
Surpriz'd at their Ingratitude ;
And then his mighty Pow'r made known ;
Caus'd them to stagger with a Frown.

XVIII.

Yet still resolving to pursue
Th' important Work he came to do ;
Compleat Salvation to obtain,
By bearing for us Grief and Pain.

XIX.

He, tho' he could have struck them Dead,
Consented to be Captive led ;
And unto those himself resign'd,
Whose Arms he with a Word could bind.

XX.

Before th' High Priest he first appear'd,
By him to be condemn'd or clear'd ;
False Witnesses were sought in vain :
His inoffensive Life to stain,

XXI.

But on the Words which there he said
A Charge of Blasphemy was laid ;
This impious Man deserves to Die,
With one accord the People cry.

XXII.

With Spittle they his Face besmear,
And his prophetick Office jeer ;
The harmless *Jesus* silent stands,
And bears the Insults of their Hands.

XXIII.

To *Herod* by his Foes he's brought;
By *Herod* too is set at nought:
At last he comes to *Pilate's* Bar,
Receives his final Sentence there.

XXIV.

Then ignominious Strokes he bore,
Which drew afresh large Streams of Gore;
Was in a Scarlet Robe array'd,
Mock Homage to the King was paid.

XXV.

He well deserv'd a Crown of Gold,
But pricking Thorns his Head enfold;
There made his sacred Temples bleed;
And in his Hand they plac'd a Reed.

XXVI.

Still to augment his Misery,
They, in Derision, bow the Knee;
With loud Reproaches wound his Ears,
Regardless of his Sighs and Tears.

XXVII.

And yet before his Sorrows end
He must Mount *Calvary* ascend;
There on a Cross must Groan and Cry,
And for ungrateful Sinners die.

XXVIII.

Surrounded by a num'rous Throng,
With feeble Pace he walks along;
On him the cursed Tree they laid,
Two Robbers his Companions made.

XXIX.

And now, my Soul, try to recount
His various Sorrows on the Mount;

To make his Torments more compleat,
The Wretches pierce his Hands and Feet.

XXX.

The Thieves (tho' justly suff'ring Death);
Revil'd him with their dying Breath;
Amidst their vast uncommon Woes
They join'd with his malicious Foes.

XXXI.

But one of these his Pow'r soon felt,
His frozen Heart began to melt;
Thro' a thick Cloud he now could see
Some Rays of Christ's Divinity.

XXXII.

At last, convinc'd how much he needs
The Saviour's Help, for that he pleads;
Perswaded of his boundless Love,
Which could his Guilt and Filth remove.

XXXIII.

Thou, Lord, says he, in Heav'n shalt reign,
No more to suffer Shame and Pain;
Ador'd by all the glorious Host,
Which fill the far-extended Coast.

XXXIV.

When thus exalted thou shalt be,
O blessed Saviour, think on me:
How brightly will thy Mercy shine
In passing by such Sins as mine!

XXXV.

The loving *Jesus* heard his Cry;
Made instantly this kind Reply;
To Day my Glary thou shalt see,
And reign in Paradise with me.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Still the base Rabble treat with Scorn
The Lord of Life, as one forlorn;
But no Complaints from him were heard,
Patient and meek he still appear'd.

XXXVII.

He pitied, yea, he pray'd for those
Who were the Authors of his Woes;
" Father, my Enemies forgive;
" Let these inhumane Murd'ers live.

XXXVIII.

Long thus upon the Cross he hung,
With many pois'nous Arrows stung;
For Earth and Hell their Force combin'd
To wound and grieve his Spotless Mind.

XXXIX.

And mark the Anguish of his Soul,
While o'er him Floods of Vengeance rowl;
Woe hast forsook me, twice he cry'd,
Then gently bow'd his Head and dy'd.

XL.

And lo ! All Nature felt his Death;
Earth shook when he resign'd his Breath;
The Veil was torn, the Rocks were rent,
And Darkness o'er the World was sent.

XLI.

Lord, let thy unexamp'd Love
The Hardness of my Heart remove;
O let me feel a holy Flame,
When e'er I hear thy charming Name.

-- And



— *And will manifest my self to him, John 14.
21. latter part.*

I.

'T IS Heav'n it self on Earth to see
Thy Face, my dearest Lord;
The noblest, most substantial Joys
Thy cheering Smiles afford.

II.

Thy Smiles in ev'ry dreadful Storm
Support my sinking Mind;
Unmov'd by fiercest Waves I stand,
On thee by Faith reclin'd.

III.

O glorious Sun, thy pow'rful Rays
Drive Mists and Clouds away;
Thy radiant Beams change gloomy Night
Into a cheerful Day.

IV.

And if my subtle, watchful Foes
Seduce my carnal Heart;
The Savour of thy Love renew'd,
With all the World I'd part.

V.

Yea, if my *Jesus* will at last
From his resplendent Throne;
Look pleasantly upon my Soul,
And tell me I'm his own;

VI.

Just as the trembling Lamp goes out,
Triumphing I shall raise,
To him that conquer'd Death and Hell,
A grateful Song of Praise ;

VII.

Shall imitate the Heav'nly Choir,
Till taught by them to sing ;
Anthems in their more noble Strains
To Christ, my glorious King.

VIII.

Thou sayst, dear *Jesus*, all thy Saints,
Who love thy Face to see,
Shall have, while in a Vale of Tears,
Kind Visits oft from thee.

IX.

O let my Soul converse with thee,
Who art my chief Delight ;
The World can't ease my troubled Heart,
If banish'd from thy Sight.



On Death.

Part the First.

I.

Death sways his Sceptre o'er Mankind,
None are exempted from his Stroke ;
No Sages ever yet could find
A way t'escape his heavy Yoke.

II.

II.

The proudest Monarch must obey
His Summons, and resign his Crown;
His Robes of State must throw away,
And lay his golden Sceptre down.

III.

The greatest Prince who rules below,
To whom his Fellow-Creatures kneel,
Shall Death's superior Power know,
His Bowels the keen Arrow feel.

IV.

They who in gilded Chariots ride,
Attended by a num'rous Train,
In vain would in their Wealth confide,
And strive to shun his Dart in vain.

V.

The Man whose Board's with Dainties crown'd,
Which to the Sight and Taste are good,
Shall run his short, appointed Round,
For crawling Insects then be Food.

VI.

Nor will our fervent Cries to Heav'n,
Th' approaching, fatal Stroke detain;
When once to Death Commission's given,
We can't one Moment's Respite gain.

VII.

Our Lord himself resign'd his Breath
When he the Tyrant did engage;
He took away the Sting of Death,
But fell a Victim to his Rage.

Part the Second.

I.

A Prey to Death I soon shall fall,
As every Day a thousand do ;
The ratt'ring of the Prison Wall
Shows Dissolution must ensue.

II.

A heavy Lump of useless Clay
This curious Structure shall become ;
Which the Survivors will convey,
With Tears to its appointed Home.

III.

My House a Pit of Earth must be,
Where Night, and solemn Silence reign ;
And there Corruption I must see,
There, till the Judgment-Day, remain.

IV.

My Soul shall bid the World farewell,
When Life the Vapour flees away ;
Unbody'd it shall go to dwell
In endless Night, or endless Day.

V.

According to my State on Earth
Shall the decisive Sentence be ;
They who have felt the second Birth,
The second Death shall never see.

VI.

But if from hence I take my flight,
A Captive to the Tyrant Sin ;

Fare-

Farewel to every cheering Light,
A Scene of Darkneſs muſt begin.

Part the Third.

I.

E Ach Moment of my fleeting Days,
The Sword unsheathed o'er my Head,
Its Keenneſs to my Sight diſplays,
Hangs quiv'ring by a ſingle Thread.

II.

When in the Morn I quit my Bed,
How am I ſure my Life will laſt ?
E'er Night her gloomy Veil has ſpread,
My ſwift-wing'd Hours may all be paſt.

III.

When Sleep, Death's Image, ſhuts my Eyes,
How am I ſure I Light ſhall ſee ?
E'er at the Judge's Call I riſe,
And leave my long Obſcurity.

Part the Fourth.

I.

P Repare me for my Change, dear Lord ;
That when ſoe'er I'm ſummon'd hence,
Thy Preſence Comfort may afford,
And heav'nly Joy on Earth commence.

II.

O let thy Grace in all its Charms
My Heart at laſt reſreſh and cheer ;
Till to my deareſt Saviour's Arms
A friendly Hoſt my Sp'rit ſhall bear.

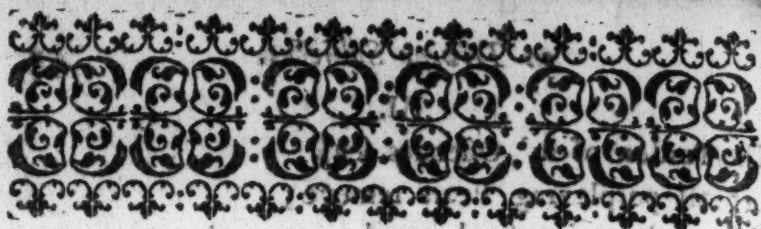
III.

The Pardon of m' Offences seal,
Let all perplexing Fears remove;
To my departing Soul reveal
Her Int'rest in thy boundless Love.

IV.

Then Death will have an Angel's Face,
No Terror raise within my Breast;
With Pleasure I shall view the Place,
In which my weary'd Flesh shall rest.





POEMS

DIVINE SUBJECTS.

PART II.

Self-Dedication.

I.

Rest for reign of the Worlds, whose splen-
(did Throne
Is fix'd in Heav'n, whose Government alone
From all Contingents remains for ever free,
Most humbly I devote my self to thee.

II.

I am unworthy of thy Notice, Lord,
But I'm encourag'd by thy blest Word,
To hope thou wilt accept my sinful Soul,
And with the Blood of Jesus make me whole.

III.

That this shall wash away my foulest Stains,
That this shall set me free from inward Pains ;

Drive

Drive from my Breast corroding Grief, and Fear,
And more than richest Wines, my Spirits cheer.

IV.

Purg'd from dead Works, hereby on thee I'll wait,
And that Free Grace adore, which chang'd my State;
Which Satan's heavy Chains asunder broke,
And freed the Captive from his galling Yoke.

V.

Thy Praises great Deliver will I sing,
And ever own thou art my rightful King;
Whom to obey is Honour and Renown,
Who dost reward with an unfading Crown.

VI.

Thy Pleasure I'll with great Delight fulfil,
Submit with Patience to thy sacred Will;
When murmur'ing Thoughts arise within my Breast,
Thy tender Love shall tune my Soul to rest.

VII.

I'll tow'rd the Mark with constant Vigour press,
Improve in Knowledge, Grace and Holiness;
Till by degrees I to Perfection rise,
And win the long-expected, glorious Prize.

VIII.

And if I thro' Temptation go astray,
Soon let me see the Error of my Way;
Encourag'd by thy never failing Grace,
May I return to thee with swiftest Pace.

IX.

'Tis fit, my God, thou shouldst be thus obey'd:
For this, I by thy pow'rful Arm was made;
For this, thou hast lengthen'd out my fleeting Days,
Kindly protect'd me in all my Ways.

X.

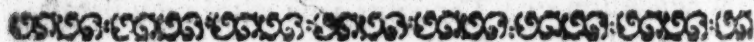
For this thy own dear Son from his bright Throne,
Came down, upon the Cross to bleed and groan;
Endured dol'rous Pains, resign'd his Breath,
And tho' a Conqu'ror, fell a Prey to Death.

XI.

To him for Strength by Faith and Prayer I flee,
To pay this solemn, cheerful Vow to thee;
Leaning on him, unwearied I shall tread
The Paths which to thy heav'nly Kingdom lead.

XII.

While he's my Stay, no Weights shall press me down,
But on I'll run, then seize the pond'rous Crown;
I'll take Possession of my fair abode,
And dwell for ever with my dearest God.



An Ode for the Morning.

I.

A Wake my drowsy Pow'rs awake,
And soar beyond the Reach of mortal Sight,
To him who's cloath'd with undecaying Light,
This pleasant Visit I would make
When Shadows flee away,
When cheerful dawn of Day
Salutes my joyful Eyes,
And humbly offer up a Morning Sacrifice.

II.

Great, uncontrolled King,
Who form'st me by thy Pow'r,
On whom each sliding Hour

For

on Divine Subjects.

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For Life, and ev'ry Comfort I depend,
My Thoughts with speed to thy bright Throne ascend,
Desire and Love take wing,
And ev'ry other proper Grace,
Drawn forth by thee, with equal Pace,
Flies to the distant, glorious Place ;
To thee I now my grateful Tribute pay,
For all the Mercies of the Night,
To thee with humble Fervour pray,
Thy boundless Goodness would delight
To show's down Blessings this approaching Day.

III.

I laid me down, my Strength with Labour spent,
To take my needful Rest :

A friendly Guard of Angels thou hast sent,
Their watchful Stations round my Bed to keep,

And with refreshing Sleep

My weary'd Nature blest.

Thou said'st, inhumane Sons of Violence,

Attempt ye not to enter there ;

Devouring Flames be far from thence,

That Dwelling's my peculiar Care ;

Nor Pains, nor piercing Groans be near ;

Approach not vain, perplexing Fear ;

Descend soft Slumbers, quiet Sleep ;

While I my Servant keep,

Embrace him in your downy Arms, till Light

Dispels the sable Darkness of the Night.

IV.

O let me still, my dearest God, abide

Beneath the Shelter of thy Wings ;

The happy Man amidst ten thousand Dangers sings ;

Who can in thy great Name confide;
 Let me receive my daily Bread
 From thy kind Hand, by which I've yet been fed.
 Grant that I may this Day excel
 In the great Art of living well;
 Run swifter in the heav'nly Road;
 And when entic'd to go astray,
 With Caution shun each crooked Way,
 Each Path which leads from yonder blest Abode;
 And let me see thy lovely smiling Face,
 Enjoy still larger Tokens of thy boundless Grace.



A View of Heaven.

I.

M' Aspiring Thoughts now on swift Wings
 Of stedfast Faith, and flaming Love
 Mount to the King of Kings;
 Who dwells in pure, unmixed Light above.
 There shining Seraphs, plac'd around his Throne,
 His matchless Sov'reignty and Glory own;
 With awful Fear lie prostrate at his Feet,
 In whom, their only Centre, all Perfections meet.

II.

To these are join'd a num'rous Host,
 Of Saints, in order rang'd thro' Heav'n's wide Coast;
 Who freed from Sin and Pain,
 From ev'ry Care and Strife
 (Th' Attendants of a mortal Life)
 With God in Glory reign;

And

on Divine Subjects.

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And that blest Lamb adore,
Who various heavy Torments bore,
And that he might obtain
Immortal Life for them, himself was slain.

III.

O could I enter that bright Place,
And having run my Christian Race,
Receive the Crown of Glory from my Lord,
Of his most sov'reign Grace, the blest Reward,
Freely I'd drop this Tenement of Clay,
And to a Mansion fly, which never shall decay.



The Dream.

I.

ONE Night as on my silent Bed I lay,
Tir'd with the Noise and Hurry of the Day,
Lock'd in Sleep's gentle Arms,
I fought with eager Wishes for the Road
To a remote, a fair, retir'd Abode,
Enamour'd with its Charms.

II.

And lo! Some friendly Angel from above
Came down to guide me that I might not rove,
And proffer'd me his Aid;
Swiftly the shining Seraph led the Way,
Joyful I follow'd him without delay,
And as I went I said,

III.

I've long made trial of a busy Life,
While various Cares, Noise, and unfriendly Strife
Have banish'd sweet Repose;

Off

Oft wish'd the sable Curtain of the Night
 Would hide these hated Objects from my Sight,
 That Sleep my Eyes might close,

IV.

But when Night came, and on my Bed reclin'd,
 My weary'd Body slept, my active Mind
 Still had this World in view ;
 In vain the Darkness hid it from my Sight,
 While Fancy in imaginary Light
 Presented it anew.

V.

Now I'll exclude this vain impert'nent Guest,
 Resolve it shall no more invade my Breast ;

Far from it I'll depart :

The World's to Man a subtle, flatt'ring Foe ;
 Pretends to please, but surely brings a Woe,
 If once it gains the Heart.

VI.

To yon blest Grove I gladly take my Flight,
 Where ev'ry Day is silent as the Night,
 Where glide transparent Streams ;
 Where scorching Heat can't enter to offend,
 And yet the Regent of the Sky will send
 His warm refreshing Beams.

VII.

There shall my uncloy'd Sense be gratify'd,
 With Nature's curious Works on ev'ry side,
 Of Ornaments the best,
 With ever-during Greens, and fragrant Flowers,
 Like those in Paradise which form'd the Bowers
 Where Adam once did rest.

VIII.

VIII.

The wing'd Inhabitants will often raise
In sprightly Notes their grateful Songs of Praise,
To him by whom they live ;
While their sweet Melody salutes my Ear,
Th' inimitable Strains my Spirits will cheer,
And noble Pleasure give.

IX.

Nor shall terrene Delight e'er bound my Bliss,
Joys of a higher Birth by far than this
Shall make Retirement sweet :
My God will fill my undisturbed Mind
With Pleasures truly solid, and refin'd,
In this my lov'd Rerreat.

X.

And when he's pleas'd to call my Soul away
I'll pass thro' gloomy Night to endless Day,
From Grief and Horror free :
Some glorious Angel shall descend again,
And lead me up to that celestial Plain
Where I shall ever be.

XI.

But suddenly the pleasing Vision fled,
Awak'd I lay lamenting on my Bed,
That still I must remain
Without Relief amidst perplexing Cares;
Encompassed by num'rous hidden Snares,
And drag a heavy Chain.

XII.

But if while Life remains, thou blessed Lord,
Thy Soul refreshing Presence wilt afford,
With Patience here I'll stay,

Till Death's commissioned to set me free,
Till I in Triumph shall ascend to thee,
Thro' the Etherial Way.

~~~~~

*God withdrawing and returning.*

## I.

When I offend my gracious God,  
He often makes me feel a Father's Rod;  
I lose the Tokens of his Grace;  
Dark Clouds are spread o'er his bright Face,  
And angry Frowns appear  
Where peaceful Smiles were wont my Soul to cheer.

## II.

Then all my Spirits fail, I'm drown'd in Tears,  
Opprest with dismal Fears,  
Lest my 'died Hopes were vain,  
And I should ne'er th' expected Bliss obtain;  
Lest God his Favour should deny;  
His special Favour, which alone  
Creates a true substantial Peace  
Within the troubled Breast,  
Causes each bitter Groan,  
Ev'ry Heart-piercing Sigh,  
Each briny Tear to cease,  
Stills the fierce Winds and Waves, which would forbid  
(my Rest;  
His Favour which my Soul must gain,  
Or else must suffer everlasting Pain.



Then I reprove my vain, inconstant Heart;  
 That could so easily consent  
 With God's blest Company to part,  
 Which rais'd Delight affords, and innocent,  
 For Toys of Nature, or of Art,  
 That yield unsatisfying Joys,  
 Pleasure which while possessed cloy:  
 My foolish Soul I sharply chide,  
 That would not in the way of Peace abide;  
 But would, when tempted, rove  
 From God her highest Good,  
 Forget the rich Discov'ries of his Love,  
 And thrust him from her Arms,  
 Snar'd by the World's so much inferior Charms;  
 Charms which should always be withstood  
 By Christians, who profess  
 This empty World to flight;  
 Tho' once the Object of their chief Delight,  
 Once courted as their only Happiness.

IV.

Then I to him repair,  
 Who's present ev'ry where;  
 Present to hear each fervent Cry  
 Of those who at his Feet with Rev'rence lie;  
 Whose Wisdom is immense;  
 Whose Arm can instantly dispense  
 Whatever his People crave;  
 And at all Seasons, in all Troubles save:  
 No Task too great for his Omnipotence.  
 To him with holy Ardour thus I pray;

O let the dark, unpleasant Night,  
My God, be changed for a bright,  
A long, unclouded Day.

Now, dearest Lord, vouchsafe to give  
Some gracious Tokens of thy tender Love,  
Which will at once my Grief and Fear remove.

And free me from my Pain;  
Thy Favour 'tis on which I live;  
One Smile restores my Soul to Health again.

## V.

And lo! My Pray'rs arise,  
Pierce thro' yon azure Skies,  
And prove to God thro' Christ a grateful Sacrifice,  
With Joy ineffable, I see  
Him move the interposing Cloud,  
Which robb'd me of my sweet Tranquility;  
And hear him call aloud;

No longer mourn, dejected Soul,  
But flee to Christ, he'll make thee whole,  
The great Physician who can never fail  
Whose Skill and Pow'r in ev'ry Case prevail.  
Look thro' the Hands, the Feet, the Side  
Of him who on Mount *Calvary* dy'd,  
And see my fiercest Wrath now fully pacify'd.

Break forth in Songs of Joy;  
And let the Glories of my Face,  
The matchless Riches of my Grace,  
Each Day thy wond'ring, thankful Mind employ.



*Received up into Glory, 1 Tim. 3. 16. latter part.*

I.

**F**rom this vile World to boundless Realms of Light  
In Triumph did my blessed Lord ascend;  
Where Myriads of immortal Sp'rits delight,  
Upon his sacred Person to attend.

II.

Prostrate they lie before his flaming Throne,  
Admire the Glories of the beauteous Place:  
But lo! its dazling Lustre all is gone,  
While he displays the Charms of his bright Face.

III.

To him they willing Adoration pay,  
Own him their Maker, and their rightful King:  
Unweary'd in his Service, Night and Day,  
Anthems in Honour of his Name they sing.

IV.

This is the great Reward of all his Pain,  
By which for our Offence he did atone;  
His Father promis'd that he soon should gain  
In Heav'n a glorious, everlasting Throne.





*The Spiritual Traveller.*

I.

**F**rom Egypt's Land, to Canaan's blissful Plains,  
 Where the long weary'd Soul an endless Rest obtains,  
 I haste with utmost Speed;  
 Rejoycing that I'm freed  
 From my unhappy Bondage, and my heavy Chains.  
 But hard it is to tread  
 Th' uneven Paths, which lead  
 To yonder bright Abode.  
 The pricking Thorns are strow'd  
 Thro' ev'ry Path of Virtue's narrow Road.  
 By-turnings lead the Man aside,  
 Who follows not with strictest Care his Guide,  
 And in this Wilderness abound  
 The ravenous Beasts of Prey;  
 These the poor Traveller surround,  
 These watch him Night and Day.

II.

Lord, since the way is rough, and I am weak,  
 Thy kind Assistance I most humbly seek;  
 Nor suffer me such Damage to sustain,  
 From the sharp Thorns which pierce my Feet  
 As would my Progress stay:  
 But if thy Wisdom shall see meet  
 To let them wound me on my Way,  
 Patience and needful Courage let me gain,

And



And when desponding Thoughts invade my Breast,  
Help me to own, dear Lord, thou knowest what is best.

III.

And let my *Jesus* condescend  
To be my constant Guide;  
In him my Soul with Safety may confide  
For all Directions, till I end

This Journey, till I come  
To my oft-wish'd for, everlasting Home:  
He can direct me when so e'er I need;  
When humane Wisdom cannot show  
The Paths in which I ought to go:  
He can reclaim my wand'ring Feet, and lead  
My Soul restor'd, up to the promis'd Land,  
To take her purchas'd Seat at his Right-hand,  
Where Rivers of immortal Pleasure flow.

IV.

Nor let the Savage Beasts disturb my Peace,  
Which in this Wilderness abound,  
And hunt the Desert round;  
Whose Industry and Malice never cease.  
If they assault me fir'd with Rage,  
Constrain me in the Combat to engage,  
Lord, send me down Supplies;  
Make me so valiant, strong, and wise,  
That I the Vict'ry may obtain,  
And render all their Onsets vain.  
If by their fierce Assaults I'm hurt,  
Thy Pow'r to heal my Wounds with Speed exert.



*An Ode for the Evening.*

I.

**M**Y Thoughts, and best Affections, all attend,  
 While I from this vain World to Heav'n ascend;  
 My Tongue, the Praises of thy Maker sound,  
 Who, as the circling Hours this Day went round,  
 My Life protracted still, and with new Mercies  
 crown'd.

II.

*Jehovah's* watchful Eye, his mighty Arm  
 Have been my Safe-guard from destroying Harm:  
 In him my Soul shall evermore confide;  
 In God my Rock secure I may abide,  
 When threat'ning Dangers stand planted on ev'ry side.

III.

For outward Wants I have receiv'd Supplies,  
 In answer to my Morning fervent Cries;  
 Some spiritual Light, some Strength and quick'ning  
 (Grace,  
 To run, (altho' with slow and feeble Pace)  
 In Virtue's narrow Paths my yet unfinish'd Race.

IV.

And when before God's awful Throne I bow'd,  
 My Failings rais'd no interposing Cloud:  
 I saw m' eternal Father's smiling Face,  
 With Extasy beheld a vacant Place  
 Purchas'd, almost prepar'd within his kind Embrace.

## V.

Now, dearest Lord, I bath my wounded Soul  
 In that blest Stream which makes the Sinner whole ;  
 This Evening I resume my wonted Prayer,  
 Since still I need, still let me have a share  
 In thy unbounded Pow'r, thy Wisdom, Love, and  
 (Care.)



*The Wish ; or a Desire after Retirement from  
 the Hurries of the World.*

WHEN our first Parent, by his Eve seduc'd,  
 His blest Allegiance to his Sovereign broke ;  
 Eating the Fruit of which his God had said,  
*Thou shalt not eat*, unmindful of the Gifts  
 So late bestow'd by him, who of the Dust  
 His Body fram'd, and breath'd immortal Life  
 Into the Clay : Then the Almighty God  
 (His Breast with Indignation justly fill'd  
 Against th' ungrateful Man) high lifted up  
 His pow'rful Arm, and instantly began  
 To scatter Vengeance thro' the new-made World  
 Th' Offender to his awful Bar he call'd ;  
 Who, full of inward Guilt, with trembling Joints,  
 With down cast Eyes, and ghastly Looks, which shew'd  
 The Horror of his Mind, before his Judge  
 Omniscient, and impartial, stood to hear  
 The heavy Doom : *That he, e'er long, should mix  
 With Earth from whence he came, and live till then  
 Of gentle Rest depriv'd* (Eden no more

*His peaceful Mansions) and confin'd to spend  
The Time of his Reprieve in servile Toils.*

But if to Heav'n my Wish might grateful be  
(Not that I would prescribe to one All-wise,  
To one whose Grace is like himself, immense :)  
I'd from this hurrying World with speed depart  
To some Abode, still as the silent Night,  
And these few Things should mitigate the Woes  
Of humane Life, the dire Effects of Sin.  
Of Wealth, a competent Estate I'd have,  
So much as would my various Wants supply  
Without the anxious Cares, perplexing Fears,  
And Harries, which corrode the Minds of those  
Who labour for their Bread. My little Seat  
Within some unfrequented Grove should stand,  
Amidst the fragrant Bowers, and purling Streams,  
Where the wing'd Choristers resort, and where  
In tuneful Notes they warble forth to him  
The Tribute of their Praise, who gave them Breath,  
Who gives them Rest each Night, and sends each Day  
Their needful Food. I'd have this shady Grove  
Near some fair Town furnish'd with all Supplies.  
To this each sacred Day I would repair,  
And there appear before my Sov'reign Lord ;  
There worship him amidst a pious Throng.  
My Soul his Courts esteems beyond the Tents  
Where guilty Pleasures dwell. On other Days  
I'd oft employ my Thoughts on heav'nly Themes ;  
Leave this vain trifling World, and mount on high  
To that blest Place in which *Jehovah* fix'd  
At first his Throne, and where his Glories shine,

With-



Without a Cloud to intercept their Rays  
From Eyes immortal, Eyes that can endure  
The blissful Sight undazled. Then I'd view  
The Way by which my Soul expects to gain  
A Mansion in those Realms of endless Light;  
Survey with Wonder, Joy, and flaming Love,  
The great Redeemer of our fallen Race,  
Paying the Price of Ransom on the Earth,  
And claiming what he purchas'd, while he sits  
Exalted on a Throne at God's Right-hand.  
Then all the Paths with strictest Care I'd mark,  
Which lead the ransom'd to their Seats above.  
Sometimes I'd talk with sage Philosophers,  
Whose Works have gain'd an universal Fame  
Thro' Learning's Empire; and with *Sophocles*,  
*Homer*, *Euripides*, and all the rest  
For Poetry renown'd, of *Grecian* Birth:  
With *Horace*, *Virgil*, and sweet *Ovid* too,  
So justly fam'd for soft harmonious Lines:  
And when my weary Mind demands a loose,  
I'd have one fair, one kind, ingenious She,  
With whom to hold sweet Converse, till my Strength,  
By Contemplation long and fixed, spent,  
Needful Recruits obtains. Thus with Delight  
I'd pass the swift-wing'd Day of mortal Life,  
And wait for Night's approach. When that is come  
My Flesh shall rest in Hope, my Spirit be rais'd  
Above this World to heav'nly *Eden's* Plains,  
Whither no subtle Serpent e'er shall find  
Admittance to seduce the happy Man,  
And rob him of his unmix'd Joy and Rest.

*On God's Government.*

I.

**J**ehovah gave to all Things Birth ;  
 He governs both in Heav'n and Earth ;  
 Obsequious Spirits stand around his Throne,  
 With great Alacrity,  
 Profess themselves to be  
 His Servants, and his just Dominion own.

II.

Commanded by the King of Kings,  
 At once they stretch their silver Wings,  
 And on th' important Errand flee away ;  
 When he makes known his Will,  
 They ev'ry Charge fulfil,  
 Nor for a single Moment dare delay.

III.

They fall before him Night and Day,  
 His bright Perfections they survey ;  
 With awful Reverence to those Things attend,  
 Of which no finite Mind  
 The boundless Depth can find,  
 Which none but God himself can comprehend.

IV.

His various Works they also view,  
 In which they still find something new ;  
 In which they see with Wonder and Delight  
 Marks of Omnipotence,  
 Of Wisdom that's immense ;  
 Extatick Joy the pleasing Scenes excite.

V.

O'er Earth *Jehovah* reigns supreme,  
And orders all Things by the Scheme,  
The beauteous Scheme in his own Councils laid,  
E'er Time began to be,  
E'er Earth was form'd, or Sea,  
E'er he the World's Inhabitants had made.

VI.

Vain Man may impiously deny  
That God beholds him from on high:  
But Reason, when unbiass'd, clearly shows  
His Works he must regard;  
Altho' 'tis often hard  
The Springs of his Proceeding to disclose.

VII.

And since to err we all are prone,  
Guided by Nature's Light alone,  
From Heav'n a Revelation God has sent:  
By this we Knowledge gain,  
And can with Ease explain  
Some Myst'ries of th' Almighty's Government.

VIII.

Thro' its Assistance we can see  
A Man from Grief entirely free,  
Who baths in Streams of worldly Joy each Day,  
May be remote from Bliss,  
Of Life eternal miss,  
Because he will not tread the heav'nly Way.

IX.

This teaches, that the Man oppress'd  
With num'rous Woes may be at rest,  
And that the Beggar may be Rich indeed;

May wander to and fro  
 For Bread, in Frost and Snow,  
 Yet no'ight amidst his pressing Wants may need.

## X.

Our Wonder, therefore, well may cease,  
 That wicked Men should oft have Peace,  
 While anxious Cares distract the pious Soul;  
 They have their Heav'n below,  
 Hence to dark Realms must go,  
 Where Floods of Wrath unmix'd for ever rowl.

## XI.

But all the Saints are blest of God,  
 Are happy while they feel his Rod:  
 Tho' angry, he is still their faithful Friend;  
 Their sinking Minds he'll stay,  
 And guide them in their way,  
 Till to their blessed Mansions they ascend.

## XII.

Glory to thee, great King, belongs,  
 To thee we'll raise our joyful Songs,  
 Our Tongues thy bright Perfections shall display:  
 Whoe'er thy Works surveys,  
 Thy wond'rous Works must praise,  
 To thee his willing Adoration pay.



*Thoughts in Affliction.*

## I.

**M**Y Soul depriv'd of gentle Rest,  
 With sharp, corroding Thoughts oppress,

To



To thee, Almighty Lord, for Succour flies :  
None e'er to thee resort in vain,  
Thou wilt his bur'd'ned Mind sustain,  
Who humbly at thy Feet imploring Mercy lies.

II,

This is a bitter Cup indeed,  
But this my Father sees I need ;  
Why, therefore, should a sinful Worm repine ?  
All murmur'ing Thoughts keep far away,  
Patience, my kind Assistant stay :  
My self, and all I have to him I would resign

III.

From God's rich Grace my Blessings flow,  
Who what he pleases may bestow,  
And when he pleases call it back again.  
In grateful Songs I will employ  
My Tongue while I his Gifts enjoy ;  
And when his Favours are withdrawn I'll not complain.

IV,

His gracious Smiles shall cheer my Mind,  
While in these gloomy Realms confin'd,  
And when I lay my mortal Body down,  
All Trouble shall for ever cease,  
Exchang'd for perfect, lasting Peace,  
And I shall wear a bright, a never-fading Crown.

V.

While dismal Clouds hang o'er my Soul,  
And round me swelling Billows rowl,  
Faith helps my short and feeble Sight :  
The End of this dark Scene appears,  
The End of Sighs, and bring Tears,  
I view the distant Land in which 'twill ne'er be Night

Our



*Our Conversation is in Heaven, Phil. 3. 20.*  
former part.

## I.

**T**O thee, dear God, my Thoughts ascend,  
To thee my Father, and my Friend,  
Whose tender Mercies know no Bound nor End.

## II.

I view the Brightness of thy Face,  
The Riches of thy Sov'reign Grace,  
To which each worldly Vanity gives place.

## III.

While Faith and Love assist my Flight,  
I gaze upon the charming Sight,  
And feel within my Breast a rais'd Delight.

## IV.

At thy Right-hand my Lord I see,  
There pleading for unworthy me,  
That I may ever dwell with him, and thee.



*Thoughts under Affliction.*

## I.

**I** Will not, cannot dote on Life,  
Or dread the Thoughts of being summon'd hence:  
Here various Ills each sliding Hour commence;  
Here I am held in Chains of Sorrow, Care, and Strife;  
Here

Here real Pleasure I can seldom find  
Throughout the tedious Day, or on my Bed reclin'd,  
And ev'n my noblest Joys fly faster than the Wind.

II.

But when I pass Death's gloomy Vale,  
This Flesh, with all its Burdens, I shall leave,  
Which now my poor afflicted Soul bereave  
Of heav'nly Joys, and cause my long try'd Spirits to fail:  
Not one of these shall dare to follow me,  
When my once fetter'd Soul, from all its Bonds set free,  
Shall mount on Angels Wings, to Angels Company.

III.

O then (my Soul's with Rapture fill'd  
While the transporting Thought dwells in my Breast)  
Then I shall bathe in Seas of endless Rest,  
And drink large Draughts of Joy from God's rich Love  
(distill'd.  
Nor is there mixture in the generous Bowl,  
Which always will supply my happy uncloy'd Soul,  
And yet be always full while endless Ages rowl.

~~~~~

*O that I had Wings like a Dove, then would I flee
away, and be at rest, Psalm 55. 6.*

I.

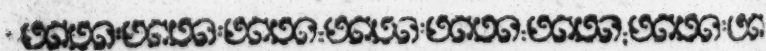
REST! How I love the soothing Sound!
But where this Treasure might be found,
I oft have sought in vain,
At length I see the happy Place,
Where, having finish'd well Life's tedious Race,
My weary'd Soul the Blessing shall obtain.

II.

I'm by Experience taught it dwells not here;
 For often anxious Care, perplexing Fear,
 And pensive Grief Man's Peace molest;
 What dreadful Storms Sin raises in my Breast!
 Sin which will keep its antient Residence,
 Till Death is sent to drive it hence:
 And num'rous Woes without abound,
 Woes on ev'ry side surround:
 But far beyond the reach of mortal Sight
 A quiet Haven lies,
 Where threat'ning Dangers can't affright,
 Nor boist'rous Waves of Sorrow rise.
 Thither my sep'rate Soul shall wing away,
 There dwell, while this forsaken Clay
 Sleeps thro' the long and gloomy Night,
 Until the dawning of Eternal Day.

III.

O that the joyful Hour was come
 For my Arrival at this peaceful Home;
 Where frowning Clouds are never seen;
 Where the fierce North-wind never blows,
 Nor swelling Floods forbid Repose;
 But where each beauteous Mansion is serene.



On the Day of Judgment.

I.

BEhold! The great, the awful Day is near,
 When we before our Maker shall appear:

Angels and Men shall hear their final Doom,
When Christ, in Pomp, with Troops of shining Guards
(shall come.

II.

A sad amazing Scene shall lead the Way,
And usher in this last, important Day.
Loud Peals of Thunder then shall roar on high,
And winged Balls of Fire dart swiftly thro' the Sky:

III.

The golden Sun that rules the cheerful Day,
Shall run no more along th' Etherial Way;
The Moon and Stars shall cease their wonted Race,
Which have for Ages rowl'd around the liquid Space.

IV.

The Earth amidst devouring Flames shall stand,
And Trumpets Sound proclaim the Judge at hand;
All then alive he'll in a Moment free
From mortal Flesh, and clothe with Immortality.

V.

The Sea and Land must render back their Dead,
The King of Terrors must be Captive led:
His Pris'ners Christ will with a Word restore,
They all shall live again, shall live to die no more.

VI.

The truly Pious shall with Joy ascend,
To meet the Judge, their everlasting Friend.
The Wicked will attempt to flee in vain,
No Covert from the Storms of his fierce Wrath obtain.

VII.

While Good and Bad before his Seat appear,
The Good shall first their welcome Sentence hear,
Ye blessed of my heav'nly Father come,

And take Possession of your bright eternal Home.

VIII.

VIII.

Then to the *Bad* the angry Judge will say,
You, impious Wretches, shall be dragg'd away;
You must for ever dwell in Flames below;
Incessant Torments there with Satan undergo.

IX.

O great Redeemer, when thou com'st again,
 Thy Approbation let my Soul obtain;
 Let me with Pleasure see thy glorious Face,
 And be received to Heav'n, to dwell in thy Embrace.



ERRATA.

PAGE 37. Line 11. for *There*, read *These*. p. 47.
 l. 2. r. *Spirits*. p. 53. l. 24. r. *Heavy*, p. 62. l. 1.
 f. *Mansions*, r. *Mansion*. p. 67. l. 3. r. *Wilt*.

A 3

P O E M

T O T H E

M E M O R Y

Of the Reverend

Mr. BENJAMIN STINTON,

Who Dy'd *February* 11, 17¹⁸₁₉.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut Modus
Tam cari Capitis? ———*

Quando ullum invenient parem?

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 24.

Printed in the YEAR, 1721.

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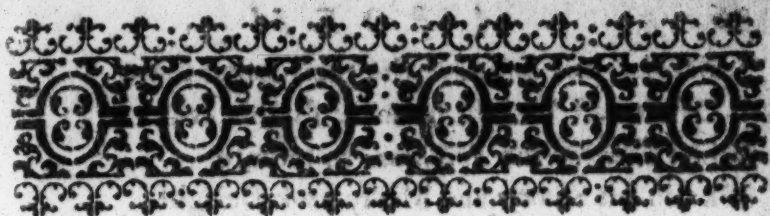
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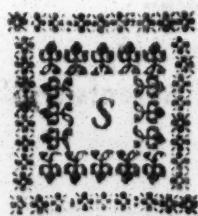
TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Reverend

Mr. BENJAMIN STINTON.

I.

 *STINTON*, the Reverend Man of God,
(is dead !

When first these heavy Tidings came,
They almost quench'd my vital Flame :
Serenity and Pleasure fled,
And left my Mind, before at Rest,
With many gloomy, ruffling Thoughts oppress.

II.

Alas, our sinking Cause ! With Tears, I said ;
How can the lofty Fabrick stand,
Since now, by God's severe Command,
The two chief Pillars on the Ground are laid ?

* *Mai-*

* *Maisters and Stinton*, who their larger share
Of the vast Weight no more shall bear !
When *Sampson* the *Philistines* to requite,
Who in his Shame and Mis'ry took Delight,
Resolv'd th' assembled Foes at once to slay ;
He pull'd the Building's two main Props away,
And soon the House in wild Disorder lay.

III.

But when my Reason could afford
My anxious Spirit no Relief,
Nor ought suggest t' assuage my Grief,
I look'd by Faith up to th' Almighty Lord.
His unseen Arm, said I,
The Place of Instruments can now supply,
And when so'er he will,
The vacant Stations he with Ease can fill.

IV.

Then on the mournful Flock I cast my Eye :
Their Hopes and Joys were gone,
No Light around them shone,
No Dawn of cheerful Day they could espy ;
But briny Tears stream'd down on ev'ry side,
While they, with one accord, in doleful Accents cry'd.

An angry God our *Pastor* has remov'd,
The tender *Pastor* we so dearly lov'd.
With Faithfulness and wond'rous Skill he fed
Our hungry Souls, dispensing heav'nly Bread ;
And when the Sun scorch'd with his fiery Beams,
Led us in Shades, by cool, refreshing Streams :

* *The Reader may see the Reverend Mr. Maisters's just
Character in his Funeral Sermon.* He

He, when in crooked Paths we went astray,
 Warn'd us, with speed, to quit the dang'rous Way:
 Our Welfare, Day and Night, his Thoughts employ'd;
 Our Griefs he made his own, our Pleasures he enjoy'd.
 But now he's gone! No more he'll be our Guide;
 No more reclaim us when we turn aside;
 No more our drooping Hearts refresh and cheer,
 Nourish our Hope, and drive away our Fear;
 No more sweet Messages of Grace he'll bring
 From our kind Saviour, and exalted King;
 No more the Riches of his Love display,
 And heav'nly Pleasures to our Souls convey,
 The Glimm'ring of a bright, eternal Day.
 Your soft Compassion, neighb'ring Flocks, bestow
 On us, who bear so vast a Load of Woe;
 Be, like your Saviour, merciful and kind,
 As you would Mercy when in Mis'ry find.
 Condolance in Affliction is Relief,
 And gen'rous Pity softens every Grief.

V.

While thus my brooding Thoughts pursu'd
 The melancholy Theme, I view'd
 Another Scene, which still my Sorrow fed:
 The Widow, now left desolate
 Lamented her afflicted State,
 And, for a Time, each peaceful Thought was fled.
 All drown'd in Tears, methought, she lay
 Stretch'd on a Couch, where Darkness reign'd,
 No Respite from her Grief obtain'd,
 Nor wish'd to see the cheerful Day,
 But seem'd resolv'd to sigh, and weep her Soul away.
 A Thousand pleasing Acts she call'd to mind

Of the dear *Man* remov'd,
 By whom she was so tenderly belov'd,
 That none a kinder Mate could ever find.
 Then she reflected on his sudden Death,
 The doleful Change survey'd,
 Which a few Hours had made;
 Thought how, in great surprize,
 She saw him close his Eyes,
 And held him in her Arms, while he resign'd his Breath.
 In this Distress, close by her side
 Four helpless Orphans in their tender Years
 Stood, and discharg'd a Flood of Tears;
 They wrung their Hands, and in sad Anguish cry'd,
 (Anguish enough to pierce a Heart of Stone);
Our Father, O our loving Father's gone!

VI.

At length, I try'd to ease my lab'ring Mind,
 By thinking what my worthy Friend had gain'd,
 Who, when releas'd from this bad World, obtain'd
 The fair Cœlestial Seat to him assign'd,
 And thus (too long by mournful Thoughts oppress'd)
 I sung, and tun'd m' unquiet Mind to rest.

Blest Saint! The Work allotted thee was done,
 Thy heav'nly Race with Joy and Patience run.
 Thy spiteful Foes, thro' Christ, were vanquished,
 The pond'rous Crown stood ready for thy Head,
 When from the breathless Clay thy cheerful Spirit fled. }
 Death's sudden Stroke was no Surprize to thee,
 The welcome Friend thou oft didst wish to see;
 He came and found thee ready for thy Flight,
 And sent thee to the World of fathomless Delight.

The

The guardian Angels who did for thee wait,
Receiv'd their Charge, and bore thee up in State.
They throng'd around thy Soul, dismiss'd from Clay,
And led thee on in the *Ethereal Way*,
Till at the World arriv'd where all thy Treasure lay.
When they had brought thee to Heav'n's bright Abode,
They show'd thee there the spotless Lamb of God,
Who has exchang'd Reproach for high Renown,
And pricking Thorns for an illustrious Crown.
Thou didst behold th' Assembly prostrate laid,
While they to him their Adoration paid.
He saw thee soon, and, smiling, gave command,
That thou shouldst ever in his Presence stand;
That thou should'st ever fill the happy Seat,
For which, by Grace on Earth, he made thee meet.
There now thou seest thy Father Face to Face,
Art folded in thy Saviour's kind Embrace:
There dost with Myriads of bright Spirits join
In their exalted Songs, Songs all divine;
There, free from Toils and Woe, thou shalt be blest
With perfect, constant, and eternal Rest.
Thy sleeping Dust shall be awak'd at last,
When the dark, solitary Night is past;
Shall be by Christ's all-pow'ful Voice restor'd,
Made like the glorious Body of thy Lord;
Fix'd in thy antient Dwelling, thou shalt stand
With Joy and Triumph, plac'd at his Right-hand,
With him to Heav'n return, there on a Throne,
Shalt reign in Bliss compleat, and Joys before unknown.

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